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sometimes think. For pellagra,—a balanced diet and yet more food, rest, nux, and a great deal of hope, are the scientific essentials.

In the discussion that followed, Dr. Roberts stated that he does consider the psychology of the patient a potent factor in bringing on the disease; that corn, itself, has nothing to do with causing the disease, except that a person living largely on corn is not having a balanced diet; that it is not contagious; that it is not a mental disease.

THREE CASES

1. THE BIRTHRIGHT

BY AGNES JAMES, R.N., AND KATHARINE JAMES
Cincinnati, Ohio

Being graduated as a nurse and turned out into the wide world after three years of intensive economy and censoring, is a pretty momentous occasion. There is not only the dizzy prospect of making a little money, to undermine one's ballast, but a well aimed address on graduation night, if it happens to be earnestly delivered by a good looking doctor, can work up quite a few high-souled resolutions, so that combined with the before mentioned consideration one's mind is apt to be torn by conflicting emotions.

"I don't mind doing all the good I can," I said to Penley, my roommate, "but I can't do myself justice under unfavorable conditions, so I'm going to start out by refusing obstetrics, contagion and country calls. A surgical connection in town for mine."

"Well," Mary said thoughtfully, "I've resolved to take just what comes, whatever it is, and ask no questions."

You could not really call Mary Penley a pretty girl, but her grey eyes shone with such resolution you did not notice anything else about her. That remark was just like her; it had to be something a little bit unexpected, and she was always rather serious.

"I'll bet anything you'll change your mind before three months are up."

"All right," she agreed, "you pick your cases and I'll take whatever I get, and at the end of three months we'll compare notes."

This was our first day of liberty, and to celebrate we had repaired to an adorable little tea-room that we loved to patronize when either of us had fifty cents. Just to give you the most enlightening insight into Penley's make-up, let me tell you that she always ordered tea and a toasted muffin, when she might have had chocolate with whipped cream and French pastry. I told her she had no soul, but she laughed and said she'd take a chance, since jammy things were death to her appreciation of life.

"Wait till you get called into the country, on a typhoid case, where there are no screens, and the pump is half a block away from the house, and rats as big as kittens run round at night—you'll get all the life *you* want."

"Someone has got to do it," she said quietly. "Besides, you don't *know* I'm going to get a country call. I may get a prima donna at the 'Biltmore' with an emergency appendix."

Just the thought of it made my eyes bulge with envy; it was so exactly what I wanted. Life, color and reporters, and me flitting round a hotel suite in an immaculate graduate uniform!

Well, if this weren't Penley's story, I'd tell you about the rude awakening I got only next day, but I won't begin. Suffice it to say, that at the end of three months in the inner circle, my point of view and my conception of bliss had shifted somewhat.

Beyond hearing that Mary had been busy, I knew nothing of her initiation and I waited impatiently for her. At last she came, the same quiet, matter-of-fact old Penley, not even new clothes, and she would not tell me a thing till the tea and muffins were in front of her.

"Some swell you are, Cordelia old girl," she said, touching my fur almost with awe.

"Isn't he a beauty? But didn't I work for him! But you, Penny, where have you been? Tell me everything, mind!"

She did not answer for a second, then with a sort of giggle she said, "In the country," but just as I was about to yell, something in her face stopped me and I simply blurted out a lame, "Didn't I tell you?"

It took a good deal of strategy to get the story out of her. Penny is queer about what she calls "betraying confidence" and she was very sketchy about it at first, but I got so worked up and sympathetic, she finally told me all the details. It was really and truly country, she said.

"When I got out of the train a muddy little Ford was waiting at the crossing, and in it a long, lean man in his shirt sleeves, and with a fringe round his chin. He asked if I were the nurse and of course I said, 'Yes.' I piled in with my suit case and tried to get some information, but all I could gather was, that it was 'Beulah,' and that she had been sick a good long time and that the doctor didn't seem to know what ailed her. He apologized for the turn-out, but said that the doctor had meant to meet me until the last minute, when a confinement case had materialized, but all being well, he would see me that evening.

"It was almost dark by the time we reached the house, but I made things out to be pretty much what you said—more nature than

hygiene! In the big hot kitchen a grouchy old woman was laying a table for supper. She looked at me belligerently, which expression intensified when the man told her to get out a white cloth and put it on the table. Then he led the way into an inner room, where I found a girl lying in bed. A man, who proved to be the doctor, stood by the window watching for us, a queer old guy with a Dundreary effect.

"In spite of the bad light, I could see that the girl was young and very pretty, but she looked horribly sick. I had decided that she was the man's daughter, and I got the surprise of my life when 'Dundreary' said to him:

"Well, Mr. Follinsby, I think your wife is some better to-night, and I'm sure this young lady here is going to help us out in curing her."

"I think he guessed I'd had a bit of a shock and he led me back into the kitchen. The old woman glared at us from time to time because she couldn't make out what we said, but there was precious little to tell, anyway. The girl had been sick for weeks, but it didn't seem to be typhoid or 't. b.' or anything we know of, and the old doctor was at the end of his string.

"There were no orders to amount to, just good sense treatment, and he turned me loose to do my best. I tell you it was uphill work and dreadfully lonely. The girl was sick, the old woman grouchy, and the man nearly silent. But to make up for it the country was lovely and the grub not bad, and luckily I had taken a book or two, because there was nothing in the house but an old Fifth Reader.

"'Dundreary' came out every day, but we hadn't much in common but the chart. The thing that blocked my efforts was that Beulah didn't care whether she got well or not. She'd lie with her eyes closed by the hour and that big lean man would sit by the bed gazing at her in dead silence. I couldn't understand how they ever came to be man and wife, till one day a neighbor told me that Beulah had been left an orphan and practically penniless, and that Mr. F., who was pretty well fixed, came along and put up the money so that she could finish her schooling. It was made to appear that her father had left it to her, and so she thought, till one fine day a kind friend enlightened her. Of course she was all struck in a heap and I suppose in a fit of indebtedness and generosity she married him. They hadn't been married very long till she began to fail in health. She was the best kind of a patient, and when she got over being afraid of me she wasn't bad company. She'd get almost talkative sometimes and then it dawned on me gradually that she was always better when her husband wasn't there and it wasn't long till I had a full-fledged theory of my own."

(To be continued)